and dejected at not having been able to work almost all day, I calm myself by writing these notes.

20 January

This afternoon Charles-Louis Philippe made me drink an accursed glass of old marc-brandy, which gave me a splitting headache until evening. He is wearing the unbleached white smock worn by grocery clerks and house-painters; leaving his office at once, he goes down onto the street without a hat, delighted with any excuse to indulge in a half-hour's loaf, and hustles me off to the corner pub. He is just right in this get-up, looking like a man of the people and a wag.

Yesterday F. and he went to visit their ^society women/' He tells me how far F. has got with his conquest and says: "The thing that excites F. the most is that she wears very fine underthings. Yesterday when he reached the panties and felt that they had lace on them, he couldn't restrain himself; he became absolutely lyrical."

I show him the amazing passage in the Goncourt *Journal* (Volume I, page 185, dated 17 May 1857) that was lifted bodily into *Charles Demailly* (I must copy it).[15] "Yes," says Philippe, "it's exactly the opposite of what we think."

"I think," Philippe said another day, "that we must absolutely look for something else. . . . Perhaps the sentiment of *justice* will be called upon to play the same role with us that the picturesque played for the romantics."

Theo Van Rysselberghe is worn out and irritated by his painting *(Three Little Girls on a Sofa).*

"But — suppose you let it drop for a while?"

"Impossible! I can't stop thinking about it."

"Well then, work on it madly for a while."

"Impossible! . * . As soon as I touch it now, I spoil it. . . /*

His face is haggard with anxiety.

After dinner Philippe reads us the last two chapters of his *P£re Perdrix™* The next to the last especially seems to us excellent; and Philippe reads it very well.

[15] Gide did not copy the passage, which reads: "One can create only during the cessation of moral activity. The emotions are contrary to the gestation of books. Those who create must not live. Regular, calm, peaceful days, a bourgeois smugness, a cotton-nightcap composure are necessary for the creation of the grandiose, the turbulent, the dramatic. People who expend themselves in passion or in the jolts and jars of a restless life wiU leave nothing to posterity and will exhaust their life in living/' •

[16] *Papa Partridge,* published in 1902.